

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.



VOL XI

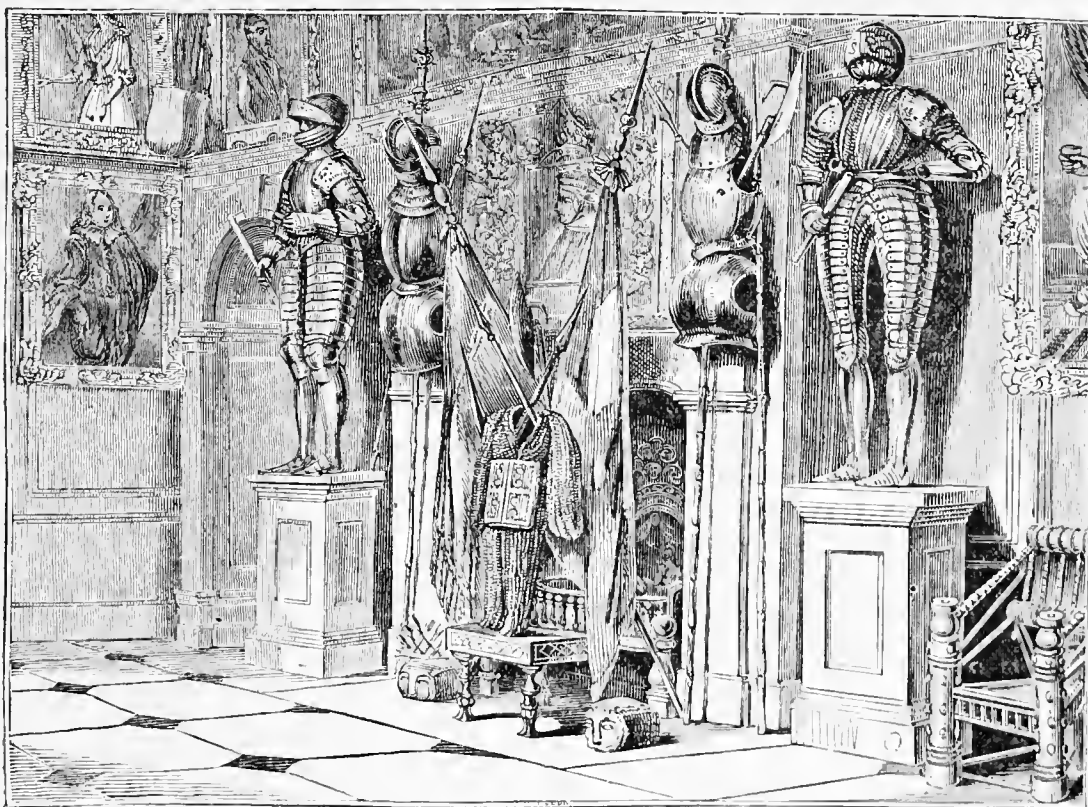
SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY 15, 1876.

NO. 4.

ANCIENT ARMOR.

In our last number we gave a view of the Tower of London, and promised our readers something more concerning it. Herewith we give a partial view of the interior of the armory, contained in the Tower. The armory is one of the most interesting and curious parts of the Tower for visitors. Various styles of armor used in different ages are there exhibited, some dating back many hundred years. Of

But a man might protect himself by wearing armor. On his feet he wore a pair of shoes made of steel; these were joined to the greaves or shin pieces, which were plates of steel fastened to leather leggings, so the man's legs and feet were protected from injury. Above the knees he had thigh-pieces and breech mail, and a cuirass or breastplate; his arms were covered in the same way as his legs; and he wore gauntlets or



course it is of no further use now, only as a curiosity, as the mode of warfare at the present time is entirely different to what it was five or six centuries ago.

In ancient times, when nations went to battle they fought with bows and arrows, battle-axes, clubs, spears, and swords. These weapons, in the hands of strong men were likely to wound or kill their enemies.

iron gloves to protect his hands; his head and neck were protected by a helmet or cap of steel; and over his face he could draw a mask or visor. This warlike dress was worn over the ordinary clothes; the plates of steel were jointed, so that a man could use his arms and hands for fighting purposes.

But the most important piece of armor was the shield. It was often a frame of wood, strongly made and covered with

leather, which had been dried in the sun and made exceedingly tough and hard. Sometimes it was a large plate of steel or iron, which was polished on the outside, and rubbed with oil to keep it from rusting, and to make the arrows glance easily to the ground.

These shields were of various shapes and sizes; sometimes they were large enough to hold a wounded man while he was carried from the battle-field; but some were quite small. They were strapped to the soldier's left arm at the wrist, and near the elbow.

Of course, many other styles of armor were formerly in use besides that we have just described, and a great many of them are exhibited in the Tower. In England it was formerly called "harness," and very clumsy harness some styles appear to be too. Armor in different ages has consisted of a covering of leather for the body; leathern helmets; scale armor, formed by overlapping leaves or scales of leather; cuirasses of leather, and sometimes of strong linen; leg-guards of twisted woolen cloth; ring-armor of various kinds, some consisting of flat rings fastened to leather, and others of interlocked rings, not requiring to be stitched to anything; greaves, or shin pieces of steel; knee-guards; arm-guards; and finally plate armor, of iron or brass or other metals, of intricate patterns and innumerable styles. This last class of armor was often elaborately engraved, and sometimes inlaid with gold.

Then, in those olden times the men were not only protected with armor, but the horses were also frequently coated with it, especially about their heads and necks.

In the armory of the Tower may be seen numerous wooden figures of horses and men dressed in armor, showing the various kinds that have at different times been in use to advantage, as we see them displayed in the picture. And the different styles of arms exhibited are more numerous still. There is the bow and arrow, sling, pike, spear, lance, dart, javelin, dagger, ax, mace, spiked or knotted club, dirk, bayonet sword, cutlass and many other weapons of ancient pattern as well as different styles of modern arms that have come into use since gunpowder was invented. The walls and ceilings of the rooms are covered with arms, arranged in fanciful forms, representing pictures, rosettes, etc., and men are constantly employed in keeping the various weapons clean and bright.

Among other things exhibited in the armory is a large cannon that is connected with the following bit of interesting history: When the Duke of Suffolk besieged Bologne, by command of Henry VIII., finding the roads impassable for heavy cannon, he caused a number of great harmless dum-bells to be made and mounted on wooden batteries, to be placed before the town in the night; the French commander was so surprised and terrified by their appearance in the morning that he surrendered the place without firing a shot.

In addition to the weapons and armor exhibited, there are numerous instruments of torture. There are thumb-screws, gags, racks, and other things, by which persons were formerly tortured to the extent of their endurance to make them confess crimes with which they were charged, or secrets of which they were supposed to be in possession. These instruments were in many instances applied to persons who were totally innocent of the charges made against them, and possibly in some cases such persons were induced to admit that they were guilty to escape further torture, and find an early relief in death from the refined cruelty with which they were treated.

We will conclude our sketches of the Tower of London in our next number with a picture of the crown jewels.

RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME.

BY C. R. SAVAGE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE loud barking of two large dogs awoke the sleepers at the hotel *de* barn, and the man in charge of them called upon us to come out and give an account of ourselves. Nearly frightened to death at the novel situation, and especially the dogs, we crawled out and set up crying aloud. The tramp however, told a story that seemed to set the mind of the man with the two dogs at rest: he said he was a widower, going to London to get work, and the two boys were all that was left him in the world; and not knowing the country, and where to stay, had crawled under the barn where he had found us.

It happened that a robbery had been committed a short distance off, and parties were searching the country to find the robbers. Right glad we were to get away from our interrogator, and, once clear, we moved along very lively, as he once talked of holding us until a police officer should come along.

On, on we moved, hungry and cold. Mr. Champ acted quite different to his usual style. A certain nervousness seemed to have taken possession of his lazy soul. Had he been out during the night, unknown to us? Had he committed the robbery? At any rate, he was out of sorts, and spoke very harshly to us. As we straggled along, a man on horseback rode up to us; and questioned us very closely. A slight suspicion seized upon his mind, but he allowed us to pass un molested. We had no suspicion of anything wrong, and I cannot now say that the tramp was guilty; I only knew that he was different in manner.

We tried very hard to raise a breakfast, but our applications fell upon stony hearts. Mr. Champ finally bought some bread at a little baker's shop, in a straggling village, and remarked we had better get away from such a place as soon as possible.

When leaving the village we passed a poor soul going the same road, who, seeing that we were of a similar stripe to himself, accosted us and asked if we had anything to eat. As misery loves company, we shared some of the bread with him. His face was burnt on one side, and he had a limping gait. His story was that he had been burnt by fire-damp in a coal mine; and being disabled, was turned loose upon society, to play the role of a fire-damp tramp. He was really an object of pity, and his story was doubtless true. One of his arms was all drawn up by the action of fire and his whole appearance was that of a friendless outcast.

He spoke very harshly of the people and country, through which we were passing, and said he had not had one good meal for two days.

As four in the same business were too many in such a country, Mr. Champ took a notion to change his route, and leave Mr. Fire damp to enjoy the country to himself. He promised if we would work hard we should stay at a good "ken" the next night. He then asked us if we could sing, and, sitting down by the roadside, on some stones, he got us to try our voices. After our musical effort he slapped his hand upon his greasy pants and said "Hurrah!" and vowed that we had voices that would make our fortunes. He remarked that when he had tried his hand at cadging and failed, singing would generally succeed. He then told us that a fair was to be held at the town we were going to, and we could try the singing "dodge" there. As a starter he said he would try first, and we could collect from the listeners on each side of the road.

It was about eight miles to the town where we were going, and, to use his words, we would have a "nice" village to pass through. Our guide to fame and fortune told us to pass the hat around while he sung in the streets, and by this means we should raise some money. He then assumed the part of an agricultural tramp, and his singing told a doleful story of the badly paid farm laborers, and the grinding power of the aristocracy. Two lines of the lament were something like the following:

"Then sister do not lay, on that cold bank of clay;
For old England is going down the hill."

Of all the dismal tunes, the music to the above caps the climax; for, being adapted to the miserable sentiment, it was the most doleful music I ever heard. He had a coarse voice, cracked and lassy; but managed to make himself heard. The effort evolved but a few pence, and he swore freely at the lack of appreciation. When the proceeds were counted however, he said it would pay for our lodgings for the night, and we would have to try the old dodge. We came to an inn by the road side, with a gate swung over the door, with the following inscription:

"The gate hangs well, it hinders none;
Refresh and pay, then travel on."

The temptation was too strong for him, and he had to get a drink, leaving us waiting out in the cold. We had a talk over the situation, and resolved to run away again the next day; this time we would leave the tramp and strike out for ourselves, but he must not know anything of our resolve. Our plan was that when in the fair, among the crowd we would give him the slip and move for the nearest sea-port town.

While traveling from the "Hanging Gate" to the town of P—d, a distance of seven miles, we met with good success. Kind-hearted people seem to live in streaks, as our friend who carried the proceeds testified. An old doctor gave us a severe cross examination after we had related the tale of our woes to him, but we managed to get away with pretty good grace, although, we had to tell hard stories. It is astonishing, when once we allow ourselves to commit a wrong, with what facility we make excuses to ourselves, and try to satisfy our own consciences. The weakness of our position however, is soon made apparent, when we excuse ourselves to others who act under different feelings and impulses. We knew well that we had placed ourselves in such a position that we had to keep doing wrong to live, and that the course of our life was dragging us downward, but we hoped to improve ourselves when we could escape from our adored patron.

About dusk we entered a long, low building, that was known as the "Brown Jug." This was the haven of rest chosen for us by our friend. This establishment was a shade more respectable than the "Travelers' Joy," and a little more pretentious. The proprietor was a small man, of dark complexion, with a wicked leer to his right eye. His wife, who pulled the beer taps, weighed about two hundred pounds, and was master of the situation. She could joke as coarse as the men, and made her husband hop around lively. She seemed well acquainted with Mr. Champ, who was, as usual, very proud of his *protégés*. Having discovered what seemed to him our singing ability, he bragged on us considerably. Mrs. Beer-swiller, as I shall call her for want of a better name, offered us some beer to drink; but Champ said he did not like to see boys drink; of course he was willing to do that for us, but she persisted in standing treat for all three of us. She thought Tom looked a good deal like a boy she once lost by death. She was rather kind hearted, and required the pay for our

night's lodging in advance, on account of the great rush of visitors caused by the cattle fair coming off the next day.

Into the refectory, or eating room, was the next move, where we found a new set of faces, but all having the stamp of the tramp species, although in different lines of business. The room was crowded with men and women of all grades and conditions, in a general way, not ragged and forlorn, but reckless and characterless. In one corner sat five or six men who looked like foreigners; they were musical tramps, and were engaged for a "mammoth thespian establishment" erected on the fair grounds. An immense ophicleide, a clarinet, trombone and cornet were lying around near them, and a big drum completed the band. Two coarse looking girls were also there with a hurdy-gurdy and tamborine; they were of foreign extraction, and no doubt distantly related to Prince Bismarck.

Supper over, and rather a sumptuous one too, on account of the good day's luck. I amused myself in studying up the crowd, for in such places no reserve is felt towards strangers. The crowd is generally composed of elements that amalgamate freely, and should one tramp be deficient in eatables others freely share with him what they have, with careful reservation, and that reservation is money, for some of the professionals get but little of the article.

A young man, of rather superior look, when his face was clean, was there practicing drawing in different colored crayons. His plan, when in a crowded city, was to draw scenes on the pavements, and the words "I am starving, but dare not beg," would be written underneath. In the fairs he would give it out that he had been robbed of all he had by a lawsuit, and was a nobleman in disguise. Mr. Champ told me he made lots of money by the last dodge.

There were present at the "Brown Jug," cattle and horse "slaps;" men who travel with "knock-'em down men," with "peep shows," "models of intricate machinery," and glass-blowers; theatricals who had what is known as "penny-gaffs," the very poorest kind of thespian entertainments; proprietors of learned pigs; fat women; mountebanks; and many others who were in the habit of strolling from place to place, on one kind of a dodge or another anything rather than legitimate labor. The classes enumerated generally despise the operations of tramps like Mr. Champ, but necessity causes them to change their tactics sometimes, and when one thing does not pay they try others. For instance: A man will stand with a large box of trumpery articles, consisting of a tooth-pick, a pen, two or three sheets of poor paper, a song book, and offer all for one penny. Another will have a composition that he claims will convert copper into silver by rubbing it on wet. Others will have "cure-alls," tooth-drops, horse and cattle liniments. They will generally be able to talk down all opposition, and being full of repartee and stale jokes, will always get the best of those who try to test the truth of their assertions.

It is surprising how fertile the brain of a man is that will not work, and the many changes he can assume to get over the difficulty of finding a living. Thousands of men that float about in the sea of society owe their existence to sharp practice upon honest working men; and the class of people that it was my lot to be cast among was the best field for the study of human nature I have ever seen.

We had a drunken row that night at the "Brown-Jug," that wound up the evening. Previous to that the crowd amused themselves in every way suited to them; gambling, swearing, drinking and carousing made up their enjoyment.

Mr. Champ was barely able to go to bed; he was drunk. In such a condition he was a brute of the lowest instinct. He treated us roughly because we would not sing, but when he made a move to use violence the hurdy-gurdy girls took our part and saved us from a drubbing. He promised, however, to even with us the next day, but we will reserve for the next chapter the way in which he did it.

Old America.

BY G. M. O.

ANCIENT PERU.

(Continued.)

ACCORDING to Montesinos Roeca was the first of the Incas. He, a youth of twenty years, was so handsome his admirers called him Inca (Lord), and his successors adopted this title. He appears to have had excellent qualities for a ruler. Obtaining possession of Cuzco, he made war on the neighboring rulers, and with success, extending his dominions greatly. The empire under his successors grew until it extended from Chili to Quito, and became the empire destroyed by the Spaniards. Montesinos argues that the Peruvian colonizers were from Armenia, and that Peru was Solomon's Ophir. Quito was not inferior in civilization to Cuzco, and its conquest had just been completed when the Spaniards arrived. The Chinus had been subjugated a few years before. Baldwin says, "The Peruvians at the time (of the conquest) were not all one people. The political union was complete but there were differences of speech, and, to some extent, of physical characteristics. Three numerous and important branches of the population were known as Aymaraes, Chinchas, and Huaneas. They used different tongues, although the Quichua dialect, spoken by the Incas, and doubtless a dialect of the Aymaraes to whom the Incas belonged, was the official language in every part of the empire. There was a separate and fragmentary condition of the communities with respect to their unlike characteristics, which implied something different from a quiet and uniform political history. These differences and peculiarities suggest that there was a period when Peru, after an important career of civilization and empire, was subjected to great political changes brought about by invasion and revolution, by which the nation was for a long time broken up into separate states. Here, as in Mexico and Central America, there was in the traditions frequent mention of strangers or foreigners who came by sea to the Pacific Coast and held intercourse with the people; but this was in the time of the Old Kingdom." (Ancient America, 271-2).

The Spaniards heard of Peru on the Atlantic coast of South America, and Balboa gained positive information of Peru, from the natives of the Isthmus, and there is no doubt that intercourse to some extent existed between Mexico and that country. With vessels like the Peruvian balsas, such communication up and down the coast was not impossible. Professor Orton says: (The Andes and the Amazon, p. 109) "Geology and archaeology are combining to prove that Sorato and Chimborazo have looked down upon a civilization far more ancient than that of the Incas." Mr. Prescott says, "There existed in the country a race advanced in civilization before the time of the Incas." Rivero and Von Tschudi state that the monuments "Indicate two very different epochs in Peruvian art, at

least so far as concerns architecture: one before and the other after the arrival of the first Inca."

Among the ruins belonging to the older civilization, probably the most important, archaeologically, are the ruins of Tiahuanaco, a few miles from Lake Titicaca. These ruins were very imposing when first seen by the Spaniards in the time of Pizarro. By many they are called the oldest ruins in Peru; this may or may not be correct, not much remains now of the buildings, which were in a very ruinous condition three hundred and fifty years ago. They have been described by Cieca de Leon, who accompanied Pizarro, and also by Diego d'Aleobaca. The learned explorer and archaeologist, Mr. E. G. Squires, visited the ruins lately and published the results of his extensive researches in Harper's Magazine, 1868. De Leon mentions great edifices that were in ruins: "an artificial hill raised on a ground work of stone, two stone idols resembling the human figure, and apparently made by skillful artificers." These statues were ten or twelve feet high. "One of them was carried to La Paz in 1842 and measured three and a half yards in length" (Baldwin 232). According to Cieca de Leon the figures were "clothed in long vestments," different from those worn in the time of the Incas. De Leon's description is as follows: "In this place, also, there are stones so large and so overgrown that our wonder is incited, it being incomprehensible how the power of man could have placed them where we see them. They are variously wrought, and some of them, having the form of men, must have been idols. Near the walls are many caves and excavations under the earth, but in another place, farther west, are other greater monuments such as large gate-ways, with hinges, platforms, and porches, each made of one single stone. It surprised me to see these enormous gateways made of great masses of stone, some of which were thirty feet long, fifteen high and six thick." One very remarkable building he traced, but says nothing remained "but a well built wall which must have been there for ages, the stones being very much worn and crumbled."

Many of the stone monuments of Tiahuanaco have been removed for building purposes. Baldwin mentions one case, where "large masses of sculptured stone, ten yards in length and six in width, were used to make grinding stones for a chocolate mill." Mr. Squires says, "The ruins of Tiahuanaco have been regarded by all students of American antiquities as in many respects the most interesting and important, and at the same time, most enigmatical of any on the continent. Unique, yet perfect in type, and harmonious in style, they appear to be the work of a people who were thorough masters of an architecture which had no infancy, passed through no period of growth, and of which we find no other examples." Again he says, "The first thing that strikes the visitor in the (present) village of Tiahuanaco is the great number of beautifully cut stones, built into the rudest edifices and paving the squalidest courts. They are used as lintels, jambs, seats, tables, and as receptacles for water. The church is mainly built of them; the cross in front of it stands on a stone pedestal which shames the symbol it supports in excellence of workmanship."

Describing the ruins, he says: "They are on a broad and very level part of the plain where the soil is an arenaceous loam, firm and dry. Rows of erect stones, some of them rough or but rudely shaped by art; others accurately cut and fitted in walls of admirable workmanship; long sections of foundations, with piers and portions of stairways; blocks of stone with mouldings, cornices and niches cut with geometrical precision; vast masses of sandstone, trachyte and basalt but

partially hewn; and great monolithic doorways, bearing symmetrical ornaments in relief; besides innumerable smaller rectangular and symmetrically shaped stones rise on every hand, or lie scattered in confusion over the plain. It is only after the intelligent traveler has gone over the whole area and carefully studied the ground that the various fragments fall into something like their past relations, and the design of the whole becomes comprehensible." The most conspicuous portion of the ruins (which cover an area of one square mile) is the central mound, originally terraced, the terraces supported by massive stone walls, the stones beautifully cut. This mound was crowned by structures of stone, the foundations of which still remain. This building is called by the natives the "fortress;" close by it is the "temple," defined by lines of erect stones ruder than those used in the "fortress." A row of massive pilasters stand in front of the temple, and still in front of the pilasters are the ruins of an edifice built of squared stones. Traces of an exterior corridor still remains; this building is called the "palace." Mr. Squires considers the "temple" the type and oldest of the group, it is rectangular in shape, 388 by 445 feet, and constructed of red sandstone; the stones for the most part are between eight and ten feet high, from two to four broad, and from twenty to thirty inches thick. That part of the stone entering the ground is the thickest. This building or enclosure has been aptly named by Mr. Squires "The American Stonehenge." The stones (some of which have fallen) slightly incline inwards, and appear to have had a wall built up between them; the sides and edges of each stone are cut away to within six inches of its face so as to leave a projection for the fitting in and retining of any slab, and to prevent it from falling outward.

(To be Continued.)

EDGAR RAWLINS' PLEDGE.

BY ROLLO.

IN the year 187—in the pretty little city of T—— a merry crowd was gathered in the elegant parlors of Standish Warren Esq., one of the richest and most influential men of the city. The occasion of the gathering was the anniversary of the birthday of his eldest son. The sound of music and mirth flooded out on the cold, crisp, evening air, as the merry dancers whirled and glided around the spacious halls. Not a shade of sorrow was perceptible, and one could not help contrasting the merry and happy assemblage, who revelled without care, with the many poor wanderers who were abroad that night without shelter, warmth and food. But there was one person present who was weighted down with care. That person was Mrs. Warren, a kind and indulgent mother.

The son in whose honor the party was given was a bright, intelligent youth; but lately he had been associating with bad company, and it was whispered that the handsome Charley Warren had been seen frequently under the influence of liquor. And no one knew this better than did his mother, who night after night let him in at a side door, and hurried him off to his room, no person in the house, save herself, ever knowing of the sorrowful fact. But it was so, and Mrs. Warren had given this party to try and reclaim, by love and sympathy, her wayward son.

Mrs. Warren had protested against the use of wine on the supper table, but Charley had insisted upon it, and of course it had to be so.

Supper was announced, and the young man's health was toasted in many a bumper. There was but one person present who did not join in the toasts, and that was Edgar Rawlins, a poor, but rising and intelligent young man of the city. Many a fair hand offered the ruby liquid to him, but he refused all entreaties. At length one of his friends approached him and said:

"Well Edgar, old boy, why is it that you refuse to toast Charley's health to-night? I know you are an abstainer; but then, you might suspend the rules on an occasion like this."

"No, sir! I am sorry, but I cannot join in the toasts; with all due deference to our fair hostess and host, I must decline to do so; not because I do not coincide with the sentiments expressed therein, but because—well you would not care to know the reason."

"Oh; yes, we should be much delighted. Do tell us," said Belle Langdon, approaching just at that moment.

"Very well, I will. It is because I gave my solemn word to my dying mother that I would never touch spirits of any kind."

"Well, of course if that is your reason we can scarcely expect you to violate your word, but will you not tell us your reason for taking such a pledge?"

"Certainly I will."

And, standing by the head of the sumptuously loaded table, Edgar Rawlins related the following:

"My father, as you are all doubtless aware, died some ten years ago, and my mother not long surviving the shock, was laid by his side. Father was at one time a very wealthy man, his hard earned wealth amounting to over a million of dollars. We were extremely happy in our own home, very rarely receiving visitors, and all went smoothly until one fatal day in the spring of 18—, when a distant relative—father's half-cousin I think—came to visit us 'for a short time,' as he said. His visit lasted only a couple of months, but that visit was long enough to start my father on his downward course, for Gilbert Cameron was a drunkard, gambler and rogue of the deepest dye. The first intimation that we had of the occurrence, was on seeing father and this man, brought home in a carriage, in a state of intoxication. After this their 'sprees,' as Cameron called them, became more frequent and less secret, father and Cameron hardly ever reaching home before two or three o'clock in the morning. It went on in this way for some time, until one day father called mother and me into the parlor, and, with feeble voice, and pale and haggard face, told us the astounding news that he was a ruined man! In the short period that Cameron had been there, his entire wealth—except the house we lived in, and, perhaps a paucy thousand dollars—had been lost with that fiend at the gaming table! It was a great blow to mother, and father grew rapidly worse; and one cold winter morning, about one o'clock, father was brought home by some policeman—dead! he having been frozen to death on the streets! Not long after, my mother died, and our costly home and elegant furnishings had to be sold under the hammer, and I, to avoid the persons who had been our friends in sunshine, moved to this city. And that, my friends, is the reason that I have taken the oath referred to."

It is said that this simple narration affected Charley Warren so much that never afterwards would he either "taste, touch or handle." Let us hope that it was so!

WAITING for things to turn up is unphilosophical as well as unprofitable. Things will turn up just as fast and as often while you are working as while you are waiting.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY 15, 1876.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



RESIDENT YOUNG has lately given the Latter-day Saints some excellent counsel on the manner of conducting their dancing parties. He desires them to occupy a little more of the daytime and not so much of the night in such recreation, and also to abstain from round dancing, that is, from engaging in waltzes and dances of that class. As this counsel concerns the young people, from the fact that they are the ones who do the most of the dancing, we will have a word to say on the subject.

Dancing, as a source of amusement and recreation, is of great antiquity. It has been recommended by some as a healthful exercise, and condemned by others as improper, in all ages. We have been trained in the belief that dancing is a very proper, innocent and healthful exercise, and we have no reason to think otherwise, when it is rightly indulged in, but we can easily conceive how, when engaged in to excess it can become destructive to health and comfort, and a source of evil.

Dancing has much to recommend it to sensible persons. It is a most healthful exercise, and no amusement seems more natural. The body as well as the mind is relaxed and invigorated by engaging in it, and the buoyancy and animation of youth find a natural vent in the harmonious movements of the dance. And, besides, it imparts a grace of motion that nothing else can. For these reasons it ought to be encouraged in moderation, and if there are evils attending it, they should be rooted out, and the amusement perpetuated in all its original innocence. And this is the very thing that President Young desires to have accomplished.

Dancing parties of late years among the Latter-day Saints have not been the simple, innocent, sociable gatherings of brethren and sisters that used to be so popular among them in the early settlement of these valleys, when the people used to assemble in the afternoon or early evening and enjoy themselves for a few hours in the pleasant recreation. In those days the people were wont to lay aside their cares and assemble, frequently in the most impromptu manner, without any great preparation, and mingle in the dance, to the simple, merry music, in the most enjoyable style; and then retire to their homes before they were fatigued and unfitted for the next day's labor.

Of late years, however, those pleasant reunions have been perverted into fashionable, formal, extravagant balls, entailing great labor and trouble and expense for preparation, and conducted without regard for the health of those participating. Instead of quitting at a seasonable hour, it has become common for them to be kept up far past midnight, until all are worn out with fatigue and excitement, and unfitted for the duties of the following day.

By encroaching on the hours that nature requires for rest and sleep, the good effects that otherwise might accrue from the exercise are neutralized, and the balls are productive only of ill-health and evil effects. Therefore, if health were the only

consideration, the wisdom of President Young's counsel must be apparent to all. But there are other considerations, and the late hours or long continuance of the dances are not their only bad features.

The condition of society at the present time in these valleys is very different to what it was in the days of their early settlement, and the difference is not an improvement, either, but rather the reverse. The balls are extensively attended by a class of persons who are comparatively strangers in our midst, but who are not slow in forming acquaintances, and readily ingratiate themselves with the girls. The late hours to which dances are kept up, and the license accorded to strangers by the want of reserve and absence of suspicion which characterize the innocent dancers, afford ample opportunity for the slight acquaintance of the strangers with the girls to grow into terms of intimacy, and further intimacy often leads to the girls' ruin.

No better opportunity could be offered the human vultures who abound in our midst, to effect their vile purposes than they have in being admitted to the balls, and allowed to mingle and dance promiscuously with the young people of the Latter-day Saints. They, of course, would not be in favor of having the parties commence and close earlier, and be under the surveillance of the Bishops. Their deeds are dark and daylight or early evening would not be so favorable for them. And if President Young's counsel be adopted generally by the Saints, as we hope and trust it may be, such persons will be most effectually checked in their operations. It is not much to be wondered at that they have made inroads in our social circles, and decoyed many good and pure girls from their parental control, and effected their ruin. They are usually persons of fine address and fascinating manner, and their graceful style appeals directly to the admiration of the unsuspecting girls. Then they frequently pretend to be rich, which gives them additional prestige. The poet Byron wrote:

"Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might despair."

And, though that was a great many years ago, girls have not very much changed in their natures since then. An infatuation takes possession of them sometimes, and under its influence they are led to take a course that in their sober second thought they are very apt to regret. There are no purer and better girls in the world than are to be found among the Latter-day Saints; and it should be their pride to continue so. It should also be the ambition of every boy among the Latter-day Saints to preserve his sisters in their purity, and protect them from that vile class that we have described. Every young person who has such pride or ambition will have no other feeling than gratitude towards President Young for his care and solicitude for their welfare. They will not consider it any deprivation to be prohibited from dancing during the whole of the night, or from indulging in round dances. They are not so enamored of that style, but what they can abstain from such indulgence, when they are told that it is not conducive to health, or that it is considered improper by the servants of God who are placed to teach us.

LUXURY.—Luxury is a voice which prompts many to run into expenses beyond what their circumstances will admit. And why? Because respect is attached to prodigality, and contempt is shown for those who do not maintain similar profusion: because the custom of lavish expenditure is universal and because things that are superfluous, useless, and frivolous, are rendered almost necessary and indispensable. Here is the mischief of luxury.

THE COCKCHAFER.

THE Cockchafer is a kind of beetle very common in most parts of Europe. It is chiefly famous for the ravages it commits on the leaves of fruit and forest trees, when in its perfectly developed state as a winged beetle, and for its destruction to the roots of plants and trees and grasses when in the grub or larva state.

The Cockchafer is fully an inch in length, of a pitchy black color, with a whitish down, giving it a sort of powdered appearance. The picture on the next page will give the reader a very fair idea of its appearance. In the grub state it is about an inch and a half long, thick, whitish, with a red head and six legs. In the larva state it lives about four years, but after it has developed into a beetle its life is short.

The ravages of Cockchafers were so great in some of the provinces of France in 1785, that the government offered a

ground, and destroyed whole fields of grain and nurseries of trees.

Fortunately for the inhabitants of those countries it infests, the Cockchafer has its enemies. Rats, rooks, ravens, magpies, and birds all devour it. Thus, in the providence of God, this insect is prevented from depopulating the land.

One evening as a French stage coach was going through Gisors, there came such a legion of these insects that the horses, terrified and half blinded, were unable to proceed, and the driver had to get down, and lead them back again as best he could through the buzzing Cockchafer storm, far worse to meet than heavy hail or rain.

This is the scene we have represented in our engraving. The old-fashioned diligence there pictured is rather a strange-looking affair to us; and will be considered by our young readers not nearly so handsome as the gaily-painted overland coaches they were so used to seeing before the railroad made its advent,



premium for the best mode of destroying them. The whole grass of a field has often been destroyed in a short time by their grubs, and the beetles themselves strip off the foliage of trees like locusts. They have sometimes appeared in prodigious numbers in some places in England; the river Severn is said to have been so filled with their bodies in 1574, that the water wheels of the mills were clogged; and in 1688, they so abounded in the county of Galway, in Ireland, that they hung in clusters on the trees and hedges like bees swarming; the noise of their countless jaws at work was heard by every traveler, and was compared to that of the sawing of timber. The sky was darkened for miles with them, and the haymakers could not go on with their work; vegetables disappeared and green trees grew bare and withered. The people were reduced to famine, and had at last to eat the Cockchafers that had devoured their food. The insects had even attacked the roots of trees under

or the whistle of the locomotive was heard, in our mountain home.

Much that is interesting, and useful, too, may be learned from the study of insects—such insects as the Cockchafer; and many men have considered the study of sufficient importance to devote to it the best years of their life.

There lived in France a clever and learned man who had studied and written a good deal about the insects he had seen in his quiet garden. But there came a time of war and trouble, and the poor man had a narrow escape of his life. He was sent to prison, and shut up in the same cell with a sick and wounded bishop, whom the prison doctor daily attended. One day, as this doctor was speaking to his patient, he saw the other prisoner make a sudden dart at a crack in the boards. Was it some means of escape he had suddenly discovered, some letter or file? The doctor looked anxiously, but only saw a dingy

little beetle, which Latreille, the excited prisoner, was sticking on a cork.

"It is a very rare insect, for which I have long sought in vain!" he cried delightedly, exhibiting his prize with a beaming face. "Then I wish you would give it to me," said the doctor; "it is of no use to you, and I have a friend who is mad about insects, and would be pleased to add it to his collection if it is so rare?" "Take it to him, and say it is Pere Latreille, the author of 'The History of Insects,' who sends it to him: and tell him also that I am a prisoner, and about to be transported to Guiana for offences of which I am innocent." So, the rare insect was taken to the friend, who being a person of influence, set to work to obtain the liberty of Latreille. He himself became bail for the learned man; the convict ship sailed without him, and was wrecked on the



THE COCKCHAFFER.

coast of Spain, and all on board perished: so thus a beetle saved the man's life.

A Trip to Our Antipodes.

BY HUGH KNOUGH.

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT a beautiful and enchanting sight lies before and around us as we enter the bay of Honolulu! While a bright, clear sky is above us, with not a cloud to be seen, on our right, along the beach, are groves of palms and cocoa-nut trees; on our left are several small islands, and before us is a lofty mountain, with the town of Honolulu lying picturesquely at its foot.

The pilot has come on board of our ship and is guiding her safely through the dangerous and circuitous channel. Now we

are nearing the wharf. What a queer sight is before us! It is crowded with people, and all so strangely dressed. We can distinguish the Caucasian from the Kanaka or native race; the former carry large umbrellas of different colors, to shelter them from the intensity of the sun's rays, and are dressed in loose linen suits. The native women are conspicuous, for their dresses are something like large bed valances, very loose, and fitting on them as if they were not overburdened with under-clothing. The men are not troubled much with any particular kind of clothing. A passenger on board, who has been here before, has foolishly, as it appears, thrown a silver half dollar into the deep sea; but now we discover the cause, for immediately a dozen Kanaka boys dive in from the wharf and for about two minutes there is a lively scramble at the bottom of the sea, which we can observe, for the water is remarkably clear, and soon the lucky urchin arises, holding exultingly the identical silver piece between his fingers.

The Kanakas, both men and women, are acknowledged to be the finest swimmers and divers in the world; and their children are taught the beautiful art from their babyhood. These natives are extremely fond of the water, and bathe several times a day, both sexes promiscuously, passing much of their time in this delightful exercise. It is a curious and pleasing sight to see them gamboling, performing curious feats and chasing each other in the water.

A word to our boys at home. Although in Utah there is little need to learn the valuable art of swimming, just think when you are called upon to travel abroad by and by on your missions, what a great acquisition this manly and healthful accomplishment will be to you. Boys, set to work and learn, by all means.

Directly our ship is secured alongside the wharf, it is invaded by crowds of people, officials, friends, towns-people and—the most acceptable of all—by numbers of Kanaka fruit sellers, loaded with baskets of luscious pine-apples, bananas, oranges, cocoanuts, etc., and jabbering away in their broken English. You help yourself to as much as you require, and ask the price; and the certain reply is "two bittee," whether the quantity be large or small. O, what a treat this nice fruit is after our voyage, and what a difference in flavor there is between it and the same kind we get in Utah, after it has been packed up closely for two or three months. Now boys, be moderate with those bananas, otherwise we shall have to visit the drug store!

After we get clear of the wharves and proceed up the main street on our way to the International Hotel, we pass on our right a handsome stone building—the court house—and beyond it the king's palace. We also observe several well-built warehouses and stores, much the same as we see in Salt Lake City. We also pass several rather imposing churches and chapels of different denominations. The streets are lined with shade trees, and the air is filled with the rich odor of exotic flowers, wafted from beautifully laid out gardens. As it is early morning (5 a. m.) the streets are crowded with people, the Kanakas and Chinese being most conspicuous. There are several thousand of the latter named people on the Sandwich Islands, and through frugality and co-operation some have become merchants on quite a large scale. We have time as we stroll along to notice that many of the well-to-do natives dress in the American fashion, and are gentlemanly and ladylike in their deportment. Some are remarkably handsome, and from conversation we find them well educated.

Your friend "Hugh" knew the late king when he was Prince William, intimately, and can honestly say that he was one of

the handsomest and most perfect gentlemen he ever conversed with. He could speak five different languages fluently and was remarkably intelligent and affable. Poor fellow, brandy killed him, as it has thousands of his countrymen.

The general complexion of these islanders is a dark olive. Their features are generally regular; they are of medium height and pretty strongly built, and their appearance, on the whole, is prepossessing. They are intelligent and quick to learn; but are generally indolent and improvident, as most people are who live in very hot countries.

We have now reached the market part of the town, and we see the white and native housewives elbowing their way, hurrying to select their day's store of provisions. Fresh fish and fruit seem to be the most in demand, although beef, mutton, wild turkeys, vegetables, etc., are offered for sale. We enquire the prices and find that provisions, with the exception of beef, mutton and flour, are cheaper than they are in Utah. In one Kanaka store we see the occupants busy at their favorite morning meal of "poi" and fish, which they help themselves to in a curious manner from a large bowl. It looks a nasty pasty mess, and generally tastes as badly as it looks to a foreigner on trying it for the first time; but if he perseveres in eating it, it will in time become quite palatable.

In the shop windows we see large quantities of beautiful coral—white and pink, sponges, shells, etc., offered for sale, very cheap. These are obtained from the bottom of the sea, and many natives find employment in gathering them.

See! What a lot of equestrians are approaching! How graceful they appear, with their robes flowing in the breeze! They are Kanaka ladies, and, O! gracious! they are riding *a la* clothes-pins!

It is near 11 a. m., and we observe that very few people are in the streets, or walking out of doors, and we soon feel the cause, for, although in the early morning the temperature was very agreeable, a mild, fresh breeze blowing from the sea, by this time the wind has died away, and the sun's rays are coming down in full force; so we will follow the example of the rest of the inhabitants, by either taking a nap for a few hours or amusing ourselves in some quiet way in-doors.

Now it is between four and five o'clock, p. m., and the streets begin to be alive again with people. A fine breeze is again wafted from the sea; a heavy mist or very light rain is falling, making the air fresh and cool.

Now is the time for the great meal of the day, which is chiefly composed of fish, game and fruits. After dinner is the time to promenade, and at nine o'clock the theatre or concert is over. The natives are very fond of music, and are good singers. It is delightful, when out walking in the evening, to hear bands of Kanakas in the distance, singing the newest American tunes in concert; for then everything is so calm and quiet, and the sweet songs have a most charming effect.

After the theatre or concert is through, promenading and visiting are continued till about one or two o'clock, a. m., and then all is quiet till about three o'clock, when marketing commences, and the hardest work of the day is gone through with.

Between the months of November and March Honolulu is visited by large fleets of whaling vessels which come here with oil and to obtain supplies. This is the busy season, and the town is alive with pleasure and business, and the population is increased from 9,000 to 12,000 or 13,000.

In our next chapter we will give a general description of the islands. And now, as we pull taut our mosquito curtains around us, we say, for the present, "aloha."

A GOOD MOTHER.

"ARTHUR, take this letter to your mother, and here is your week's salary. You have a good mother," added Mr. Powell, looking intently into the lad's face as he took the missive with a polite "Thank you, sir."

The communication to Mrs. Howard ran thus:—

"DEAR MADAM,—We are sorry to discharge your son Arthur, but repeatedly, articles, and occasionally money, has been missed from the shop. No one but he could have taken them. It is very trying, I assure you, to have such an issue forced upon us, for we had supposed him incapable of any sort of dishonesty.

"Yours truly,

"R. Powell and Co."

Mrs. Howard perused the note, and then, without looking up from her work, gently bade the boy remove and thoroughly dry his overcoat, whitened by the driving snow. She could not just then look upon that young and joyous face. He should not know a breath of foul suspicion, but should go to his pillow unconscious of the stain on his good name. In the morning she would visit the firm.

While Arthur slept, his mother passed the anxious hours in alternate watchings by his bedside and prayers at her own. The restraint which she had placed upon herself was now removed. Towards daylight the storm subsided, and the morning dawned on a fine day. The calm comforted her; and when Arthur rose from the breakfast table, she said, cheerfully, "I am going out this morning, dear, and you must remain at home. Be kind to brother and sister; and if any work comes in, remember carefully all particulars; but first run out and sweep me a clean crossing through the fresh snow."

Quickly wrapping herself she proceeded to the gate. She stood resting against it and gazed on the pure scene—the trees, the hedges, the roofs of buildings, every nook and crevice piled up with the glistening snow. But purer than all was her son Arthur—in her eyes, the fairest feature of the picture. His clear eye was "not that of a thief!" And the mother's face beamed upon him with confiding love.

At this moment Mr. Powell came towards the mother and son. Mrs. Howard received him as calmly as she did his letter, bidding Arthur return into the house. Mr. Powell was full of regrets and apologies for the note sent on the previous evening. Accidentally, the real culprit had been discovered, and Arthur fully cleared.

"The firm wish him back. They will increase his wages, give him every opportunity for improvement; in short, they will atone, if possible, for the cruel wrong so hastily done to him."

Mrs. Howard replied:—

"On one and only one condition can he return; and that is, neither he nor any of the persons in your employ learn one word of this affair. I would not have him suffer the knowledge of this suspicion for worlds. I would not have his self-respect so injured."

The next morning found Arthur in his accustomed place; and the pleasure with which he that evening communicated to his mother his delight and astonishment at a sudden increase of salary, was without a shadow. Years afterwards the firm proposed receiving Arthur into it; and in response to his glad thanks, Mr. Powell placed his hand on his shoulder, and said, "No thanks, my boy. Thank your mother. You owe it all to her. Only after she shall have passed from this life, can you know her worth."—*Selected.*

THE GOLDMAKERS' VILLAGE.

From Chambers' Miscellany.

(Continued.)

THE winter passed away. In the summer, the school was closed, for the elder boys and girls could then be of service to their parents in the fields. But Oswald collected the little ones at his house, and gave them a few lessons, or amused them in some light occupations about his premises. It was part of his convictions that instruction in anything without actual training is of little use; he therefore tried to train his pupils to industrial pursuits, and so lead them to a practical acquaintance with what they read of in books. In this way he taught them gardening and a knowledge of plants, also various other things which would be useful to them through life. A great point with Oswald was to form habits of order and cleanliness in his young scholars, and this, not only at school, but when out of doors, enforcing his rules with persuasions suited to young minds. Perhaps, however, all this was held by him of inferior moment to the education of the feelings—a love of the beautiful, the tender, and the poetical—for without these the mind remains hard and intractable, and cannot be led to know the finer religious emotions. How charming was it to see this benevolent man with his band of scholars, happy in each other, neither sourness nor severity in the master, nor fear in the pupils! It was throughout a labor of love: addressed as their dear master, Oswald was always ready to encourage and explain. No one dreaded to ask him a question: he was their friend not less than their instructor. The happiness in these young parties drew the attention of the elder scholars, and they begged Oswald not to forget them. He accordingly arranged that they should at times visit his house, or walk with him in the fields. On these occasions, he opened their understandings to many branches of knowledge—among others, the wonders of creation and providence, and the nature of human society, of which they had formerly known very little. He took care not to be dry or tedious, but mixed up all he said with stories of natural history, of foreign lands and people, of wild animals, mountains, seas, and rivers.

The young men of the village heard reports of these pleasant conversations, and some of the more curious and intelligent among them began to seek Oswald's society. He gathered a class of these young men, and devoted some part of his leisure on Sundays to their instruction, giving them subjects to study during the week, and recommending to them suitable books for reading. But while he had such success among the young people, many of the leading men in the village remained his determined foes. Though they could not understand his measures, they felt that there was something in them which tended to overthrow the existing state of society in Goldenthal; consequently, Oswald found little society in the village except at the mill, where he was always welcomed by Elizabeth and her parents.

One evening, when Oswald, as was customary, went to the house of the miller, he was received in a style so altered as to surprise him. His old friend looked studious and reserved, his wife seemed in ill humor, and Elizabeth had a sorrowful and anxious face. After a while, her parents left the room, and Oswald asked Elizabeth the reason for this cold reception. Her answer was for some moments delayed by sobs and tears; at last she told him that, a year ago, Brenzel, the host of the

Lion, and the richest man in the parish, had asked for her as the wife of his eldest son, a dissipated young man. She had claimed of her parents a year for consideration; but now the time had expired, and her father, who wished to see her settled in life, was somewhat displeased at her unwillingness. This she told with tears, and Oswald understood more than she said. He assured her tenderly that long ago he had chosen her as his own bride, and she received his confession with great delight. He then went to her parents, and while Elizabeth was praying for a favorable result of the interview, he gave such an explanation of his condition and prospects, that, after a short time, the miller came into the room where Elizabeth was sitting, and, joining the hands of his daughter and Oswald, pronounced a blessing upon the betrothal. To Elizabeth it seemed like a dream—too happy to be true.

On the following Sunday, when Oswald and Elizabeth were named from the pulpit as betrothed, the Goldenthals stared, and there was no little whispering among the women. But the host of the *Lion* immediately went out of the church as angry as the wild beast upon his sign, declaring that he would ruin the perfidious miller and all his family. However, in spite of this threat, Oswald and Elizabeth celebrated their marriage about three weeks afterwards.

Soon after the wedding, Oswald said to his bride: "To insure our happiness, let us make a threefold vow: first, that there shall be no secrets between us; secondly, that none, not even our parents, shall be allowed to interfere between us in any of our affairs; and thirdly, that we will never speak unkindly towards each other, no, not even in jest." To these propositions Elizabeth gladly assented.

It is customary in Germany to utter the voice of congratulation in song. Conformably with this ancient usage, Oswald's pupils resolved on serenading their beloved master. Oswald and his wife, therefore, on the morning after their marriage, were awakened by a harmonious hymn of congratulation, and wishes of long life and happiness, in which many voices joined. On looking out to return thanks for this kindness, Oswald was delighted to see so many of his scholars composing the choir. He observed, too, several persons standing and pointing to his cottage; for the children had secretly covered the walls with garlands in the evening, and even the least of them had brought wild-flowers from the fields and hedges to add to the display of affection. At school, all the children appeared with nosegays and wreaths of flowers, as if it was a great festival-day.

Notwithstanding these demonstrations, Oswald was still unpopular in the village. The oldest and most experienced people found reasons for grave suspicions, not only in his wonderful success as a teacher, but also in his sudden marriage with the miller's daughter. Such wonders, they were sure, could not be done by fair means; there was something supernatural in it. The old miller heard all this idle chatter, and only laughed at it; but his wife, though a pious and sensible woman, had her share of pride, and could not bear that it should be said she had given her daughter to a poor vagabond schoolmaster. Out of patience with the inquisitive gossip of the hostess of the *Eagle*, she one evening could not refrain from boasting. "Hold your tongue," said she; "you know nothing about it. Oswald, I tell you, could buy up both your husband and the host of the *Lion*. I have seen proof of what I say; and, if I might speak, I could tell you such things of him as would make the hair on your head stand on end."

(To be Continued.)

PROPHECY FULFILLING.

BY JOHN NICHOLSON.

VERY frequently the Lord uses simple means to accomplish great things, and because this is so we sometimes read of the past fulfillment of prophecies with no small amount of wonder, and look forward to those still in the future with great interest, while we pass by what is taking place almost without notice. My object in writing this sketch is to draw the attention of some of the juveniles to some things that are now occurring.

Gonzales Trejo is a native of Castile, Spain, and is now about thirty-one years old. Until he was fourteen he was a devout Catholic, but after that he was a source of annoyance to his parents and to the priests because of the great doubts he expressed about the truth of that religion, and the many hard questions he put to them on the subject.

At sixteen he entered a military school in Spain, where he stayed two and a half years, and after that held a commission as an officer in the Spanish army. While a soldier, he was at one time conversing with a brother officer, named Parrucco, on religious matters, when the latter said, "there is one people of God, they are the Mormons, who live in the Rocky Mountains of the north-west of America." This occurred about seven years ago, and the statement made a deep impression on Gonzales, so much so that he became possessed of a great desire to visit that people, and as a step in that direction he studied the English language, and refrained from drinking wine and other stimulants, as he found his mind was clearer when he did not use them.

Being unable to raise enough money to bring him to Utah, he applied to the Spanish government to be sent, as a military officer, to its dominions in the Phillipine Islands, South America, and his request was granted. Passing through France, on the journey, he succeeded in getting a small pamphlet in that country, explaining the principles of the gospel, published by the late Louis A. Bertrand, who died in this city a short time since. The reading of that little work increased his desire to get to Utah as soon as possible.

In time he reached the Phillipine Islands, where he was greatly prospered, in health and otherwise, being able to bear exposure in the hottest weather, while many of his companions, not used to the climate, were attacked with fevers and died.

While there he learned much of the natives of those Islands, who are Lamanites, or the descendants of the ancient fathers with whom, according to the Book of Mormon, the Lord made a covenant to restore the fullness of the gospel to their children in the latter times. He says they are generally a fine people, possessing many noble traits, very intelligent, and, in numerous instances, highly refined and educated, and not a few of them quite wealthy. Some of them, especially the ladies, are exceedingly handsome, and the more advanced they are in civilization the lighter the color of their skin. Some of them have quite a Jewish caste of feature, one beautiful lady being known among the Spanish as "the Jewish lady."

Gonzales Trejo saw a good prospect before him of becoming fairly wealthy on the Islands, and began to slacken somewhat in his desire to go to Utah, when he was suddenly stricken down with sickness. He concluded to pray to the Lord, and did so; immediately afterwards he fell asleep, when the Lord gave him a dream.

(To be Continued.)

Questions and Answers

ON THE BIBLE.

FIRST BOOK OF SAMUEL.

LESSON CII.

Q.—What did David then say unto Saul?

A.—"I cannot go with these, for I have not proved them."

Q.—What did David then do?

A.—He put the armor off him.

Q.—What did David then take?

A.—"His staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had, even in a scrip; and his sling was in his hand."

Q.—What then did David do?

A.—He drew near to the Philistine.

Q.—Who went immediately before the Philistine as he came near to David?

A.—"The man that bare the shield."

Q.—When the Philistine looked about and saw David, how did he act?

A.—"He disdained him, for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance."

Q.—What did the Philistine say to David?

A.—"Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves?"

Q.—What did the Philistine then do?

A.—He cursed David by his gods.

Q.—What did the Philistine then say to David?

A.—"Come to me and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field."

Q.—What was David's reply?

A.—"Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel which thou hast defied."

Q.—What further was David's answer to the Philistine?

A.—"This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand; and I will smite thee and take thine head from thee, and I will give the carcasses of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel."

Q.—What more did David say?

A.—"And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear, for the battle is the Lord's and he will give you into our hands."

Q.—What did David do when the Philistine drew nigh to meet him?

A.—He hasted and ran towards the army to meet the Philistine.

Q.—What weapons did David use?

A.—A sling and a stone.

Q.—What use did he make of them?

A.—"He threw the stone and smote the Philistine in the forehead, that the stone sunk into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth."

Q.—What then did David do?

A.—He ran and stood upon the Philistine's body, and cut off his head.

Q.—Whose sword did David use to cut off his enemy's head?

A.—The Philistine's.

Q.—What did the Philistine army do when they saw their champion was killed?

A.—They fled.

Q.—What then did the children of Israel do?

A.—They arose, and shouted and pursued the Philistines.

Q.—What did they do when they returned from chasing after the Philistines?

A.—They spoiled their tents.

Q.—What did David do with the head of the Philistine?

A.—He took it to Jerusalem.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Quickly:

MUSIC BY A. C. S.

TENOR

TREBLE

ALTO

BASE

CHORUS.

(Little Children.)

We love our fathers, mothers too,
Whose love our life attends;
We love our brothers, sisters too,
Our teachers and our friends.

(Trio, ad Lib.)

If each one sought the other's good,
And lov'd the Lord's command—
The golden rule, then would no war
Be known in any land.

(All the Parts.)

Were this the rule, in harmony,
Our lives would pass away;
And none would suffer, none be poor
And none their trust betray.

NOTE.—This little piece may be sung as a duet by either treble and alto, or treble and tenor. It may also be sung as a trio by treble, alto, and base; treble, tenor, and base; or treble, alto, and tenor. Or it may be sung as a four-part song.
—The small note may be used when there is no alto.

SUNDAY LESSONS.
FOR LITTLE LEARNERS.

ON THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.—LESSON XXVII.

Q.—In whose house did they meet for the purpose of organizing the Church?

A.—In the house of Peter Whitmer.

Q.—In what town and county?

A.—At Fayette, Seneca Co., N. Y.

Q.—How many members was the Church organized with?

A.—Only six members.

Q.—Mention the names of the first six members of the Church?

A.—Joseph Smith Jr., Oliver Cowdery, Hyrum Smith, Peter Whitmer Jr., Samuel H. Smith and David Whitmer.

Q.—What was next done?

A.—Joseph Smith ordained Oliver Cowdery an elder of the Church.

Q.—Who was ordained next?

A.—Joseph Smith.

Q.—Who ordained Joseph Smith?

A.—Oliver Cowdery.

Q.—How were these ordinations performed?

A.—By the laying on of hands and prayer.

Q.—What did they next attend to at the meeting?

A.—They partook of the Lord's supper or sacrament.

Q.—In what way were Joseph and Oliver received as their spiritual teachers by the other four members?

A.—By their unanimous vote or consent.

Q.—Which of the two was chosen as the first or chief elder?

A.—Joseph Smith.

Q.—Which as the second?

A.—Oliver Cowdery.

Be constant in what is good, but beware of being obstinate in anything that is evil; constancy is a virtue, but obstinacy is a sin.

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Is Published in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory,

ON THE FIRST & FIFTEENTH OF EVERY MONTH.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR.

TERMS IN ADVANCE

Single Copy, per Annum - - \$2.00.

On Copies sent by mail outside of Salt Lake County Ten Cents per year additional will be charged for Postage.

Office, South Temple Street, one block west of Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Utah.